

SPOTLIGHT

IDW
CVR A

BARBER
DAZA

THE TRANSFORMERS
FORMERS



BUMBLEBEE

SPOTLIGHT

IDW
CVR B

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BUMBLEBEE

THE TRANSFORMERS



STORY SO FAR:

A great danger has called the Autobots back to Cybertron—except for Bumblebee and a few others, who have some important duties to perform on Earth...

(Editor's note: This story takes place during the events of Transformers, Vol. 6: Police Action)

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MAYBE THIS ISN'T THE BEST WAY TO *START* MY STORY.

(IT DEFINITELY DOESN'T PAINT *ME* IN THE MOST *FLATTERING* LIGHT).

BUT THIS IS WHERE THINGS GET *EXCITING*. SEE, RIGHT NOW I'M *OUTMATCHED*, *OUTGUNNED*, AND I'M PRETTY MUCH *OUT OF OPTIONS*.

HOW DID I *GET* HERE?

I GUESS THE STORY *REALLY* STARTS A FEW *MILLION* YEARS AGO—*AUTOBOTS* VERSUS *DECEPTICONS*, ALL THAT STUFF.

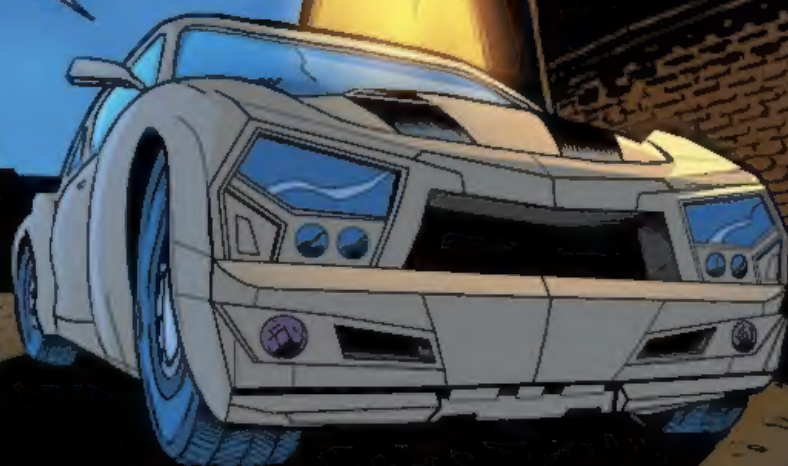
OUR *WAR* PRETTY MUCH *ENDED* A COUPLE YEARS AGO, AND SINCE THEN, WE'VE MADE OUR HOME ON *EARTH*. UNTIL—A COUPLE DAYS AGO—WE GOT WORD THAT THERE WAS A *CRISIS* ON OUR HOMEWORLD, *CYBERTRON*.

OPTIMUS PRIME LED MOST OF THE *AUTOBOTS* BACK. HE LEFT *ME* HERE, IN CHARGE OF A FEW 'BOTS. WE HAD SOME LOOSE ENDS TO TAKE CARE OF—

—ONE OF WHICH BRINGS US TO THIS *DECEPTICON* FIST SMASHING INTO MY FACE...

...BUT I'M GETTING AHEAD
OF MYSELF. *THAT* STORY
REALLY GOT STARTED
YESTERDAY.

BUMBLEBEE
TO ALL POINTS.
STATUS.



HOT SPOT
HERE. I DON'T
KNOW *WHY* I'M
HERE, BUT I'M
HERE, BEE.

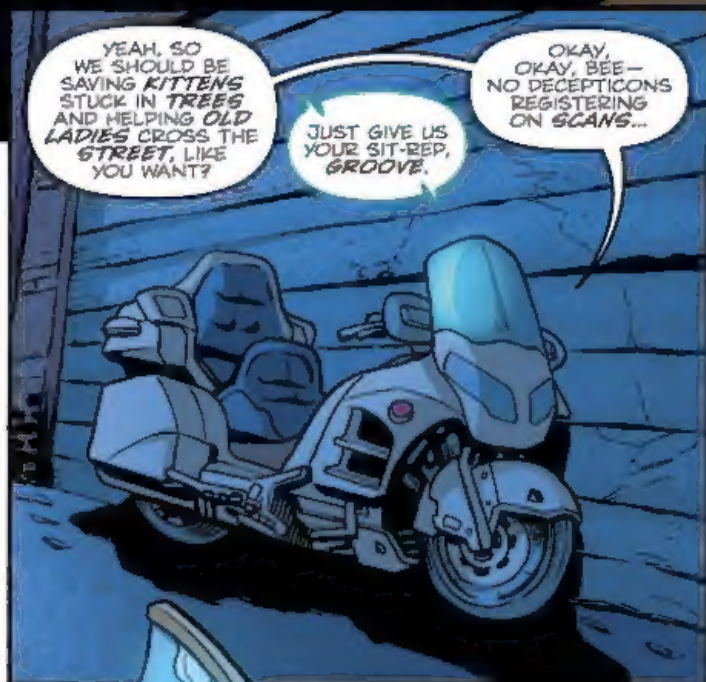
I MEAN, THE
WAR'S OVER—WE
SHOULDN'T BE
LOOKING FOR
MORE FIGHTS.



YEAH, SO
WE SHOULD BE
SAVING *KITTENS*
STUCK IN *TREES*
AND HELPING *OLD*
LADIES CROSS THE
STREET, LIKE
YOU WANT?

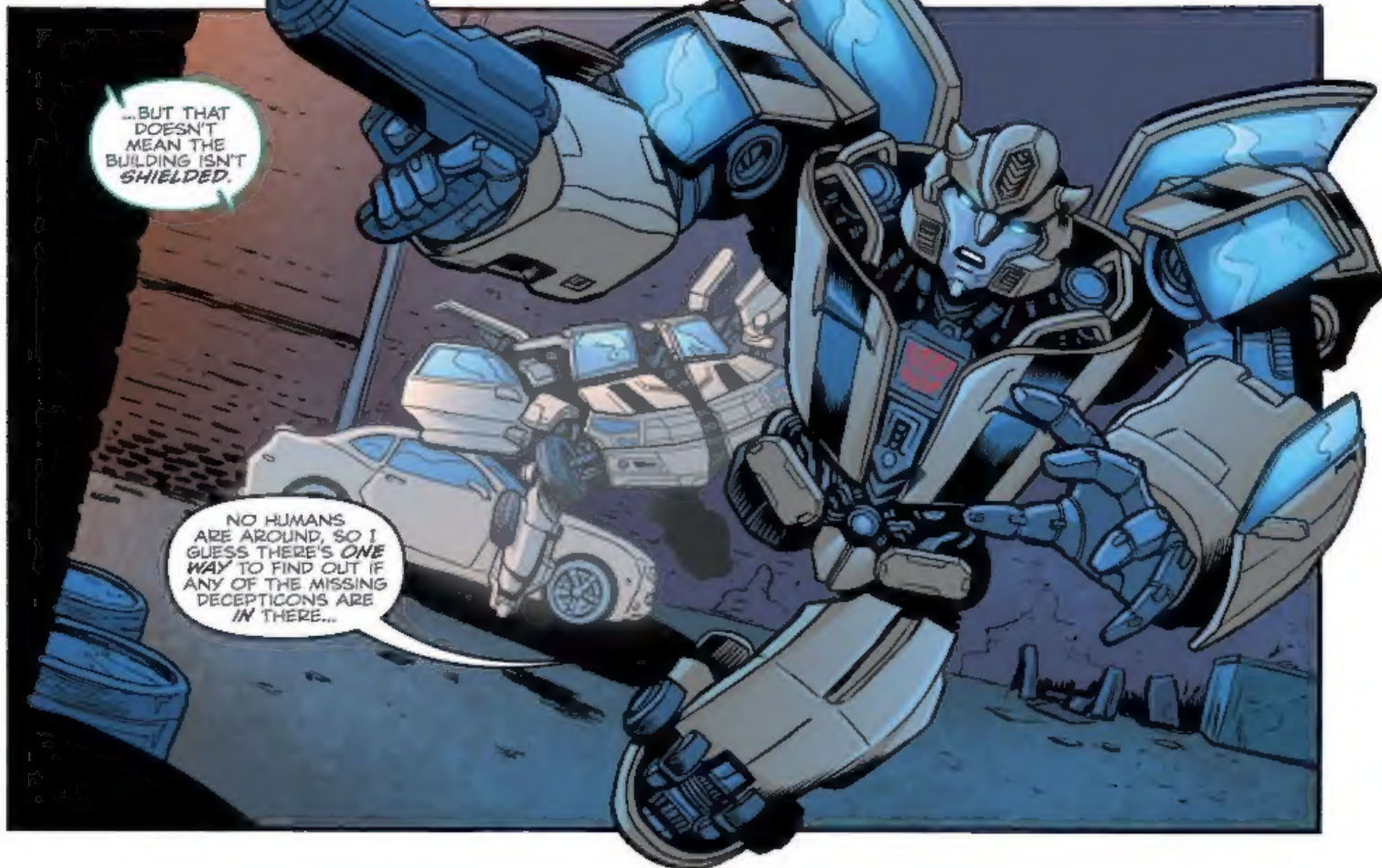
JUST GIVE US
YOUR SIT-REP,
GROOVE.


OKAY,
OKAY, BEE—
NO DECEPTICONS
REGISTERING
ON *SCANS*...



...BUT THAT
DOESN'T
MEAN THE
BUILDING ISN'T
SHIELDED.

NO HUMANS
ARE AROUND, SO I
GUESS THERE'S *ONE*
WAY TO FIND OUT IF
ANY OF THE MISSING
DECEPTICONS ARE
IN THERE...





WHEN **PRIME** WENT BACK TO **CYBERTRON**, HE TOOK THE **DECEPTICONS'** LEADER—**MEGATRON**—BACK AS HIS PRISONER.

BUT EVEN WITH THEIR **LEADER** IN CUSTODY, THERE'S STILL A **SMALL ARMY** OF **DECEPTICONS** SOMEWHERE ON EARTH.

SOMEWHERE...

...BUT NOT ANYWHERE I WAS LOOKING.

BUMMER.

SORRY, BEE. LOOKS LIKE WE STRUCK OUT.

AGAIN.

AND **ME**... I WAS CONSTANTLY ASKING MYSELF THE SAME THING, OVER AND OVER:

WHAT WOULD **PRIME** DO?

The
Question



NOW—

—I MEAN, *RIGHT NOW*, WHILE I'M GETTING MY *PRIDE* HANDLED TO ME ONE *FIST* AT A TIME...

...I'M ACTUALLY ASKING MYSELF, "HOW DO I GET OUT OF THIS?"

MAYBE THAT ISN'T RIGHT FOR A *LEADER* TO ASK. BUT, YOU KNOW—I DON'T *FEEL* LIKE MUCH OF A LEADER. IT'S SO EASY FOR PRIME—EVERYBODY LISTENS TO HIM, AND HE ALWAYS KNOWS WHAT TO *DO*.

ME? I HAVE A *LOT* TO *LEARN*. I KNOW THAT. UNFORTUNATELY, EVERYBODY *ELSE* KNOWS IT, TOO.

I MEAN, LOOK AT THESE DECEPTICONS... THEY WERE VERY *CAREFULLY*, VERY *DELIBERATELY* STAYING *ONE STEP* AHEAD OF ME.

THEY WERE DOING THAT THING THAT MAKES A GROUP OF... OF *GUYS*—

—INTO AN *ARMY*.

THEY WERE *ACTING* AS *ONE*. UNFORTUNATELY...

...I WASN'T ABLE TO GET MY
ARMY WORKING LIKE THAT.

WE
HAVE MORE
IMPORTANT
CONCERNS,
BEE...

...THIS PLANET
IS AT A **BOILING
POINT**. THE PEOPLE
OF EARTH **FEAR** US,
AND THEY **HATE** US,
AND IF ANYTHING
GOES WRONG—

AND IT
ALWAYS
DOES!

STAY OUT OF THIS,
STREETWISE.

IF ANYTHING
GOES **WRONG**
WITH OUR FEW
**HUMAN
FRIENDS...**

YEAH,
I KNOW,
PROWL—YOU'RE
LOOKING INTO
THE ACTIVITIES OF
OUR **ALLIES...**

...WELL, I DON'T
EVEN WANT TO
THINK ABOUT WHAT
COULD HAPPEN IF
ANYTHING **BAD** WAS
GOING ON.

THAT'S WHY I'M
HERE, BEE. I CAN
HANDLE THOSE
THOUGHTS.

OKAY—BUT
WE'VE GOT A
SITUATION WITH
THE **DECEPTICONS**,
TOO. YOU'RE RIGHT,
THE PEOPLE OF
EARTH **FEAR**
US—

—BECAUSE
EVER SINCE THEY
LEARNED WE
EXIST, ALL WE'VE
DONE IS GIVE
THEM **REASONS**
TO.



YOU MEAN THE DECEPTICONS HAVE.

YEAH, EXACTLY. AND SOMEWHERE OUT THERE IS A GROUP OF DECEPTICONS GETTING READY TO DO PRIMUS-KNOWS-WHAT AND WE HAVE TO STOP THEM!

LIVES ARE IN DANGER!



THAT IS NEVER OUT OF MY MIND, BUMBLEBEE.

NEVER.

I'M TRYING TO PROTECT THE PEOPLE OF THIS WORLD, BUT MY JOB-MY LIFE-IS ABOUT LOOKING OUT FOR THE GREATER GOOD.



YES, THE DECEPTICONS ARE A THREAT. BUT THEY'RE ONE WE UNDERSTAND. WHAT I'M INVESTIGATING HAS THE POTENTIAL FOR MORE DANGER.

WHEN I'VE FINISHED THIS, I'LL MOVE ON TO THE DECEPTICONS. YOU JUST KEEP AN EYE OUT AND MAKE SURE THEY DON'T TRY ANYTHING IN THE MEANTIME.



GROOVE-YOURE WITH ME.

WHAT? NO, GROOVE WAS HELPING-

I HAVE A TASK FOR HIM.



NO, WAIT, HANG ON, PROWL-I'M IN CHARGE HERE!





...AND HE WASN'T
HERE WITH THIS GUY,
BEATING ME UP

SEE, DECEPTCONS
ARE PRETTY TOUGH
CUSTOMERS AND WE'D
BUILT UP SOME PRETTY
STRONG ANIMOSITY
BETWEEN OUR TWO SIDES,
OVER THE PAST FEW
MILLION YEARS OF
NON-STOP WAR.

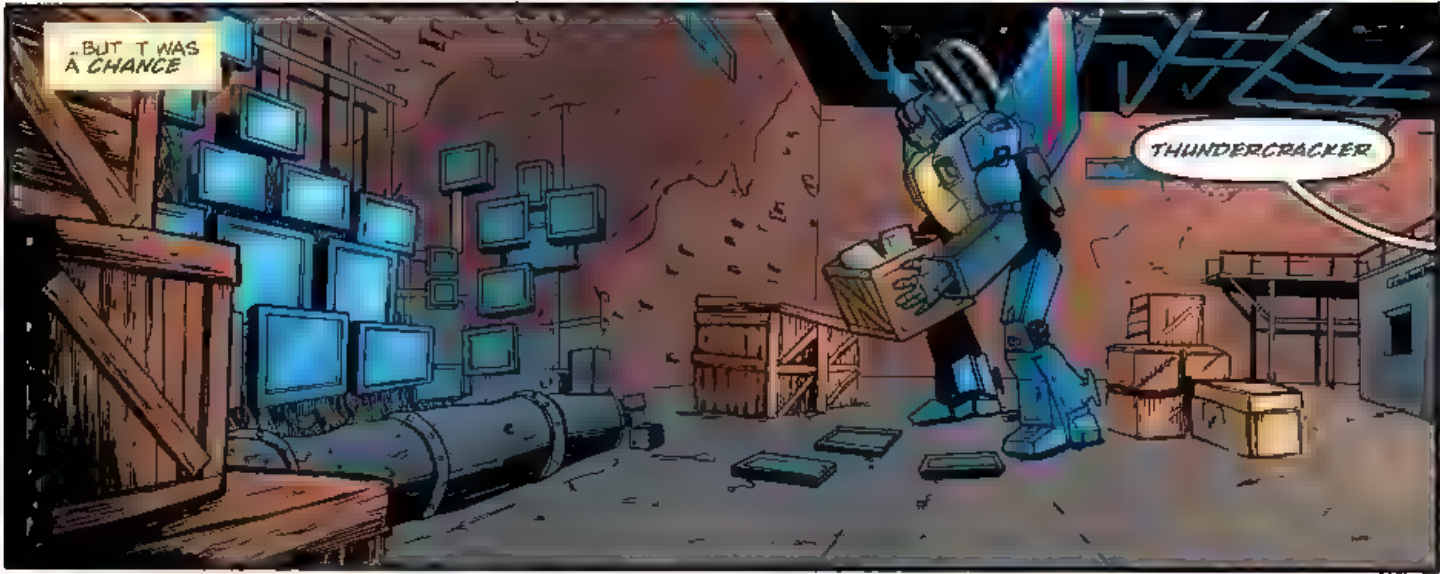
...WHICH IS WHY **THIS**
GUY ISN'T GIVING ME
MUCH OF A CHANCE TO
TALK THINGS OUT

BUT THERE WAS **ONE**
DECEPTICON THAT I **HAVE**
TALKED TO... HE'D EVEN
HELPED US BEFORE

HE'S BEEN **QUESTIONING**
THE DECEPTCONS
METHODS - THEIR
CAUSE - FOR A VERY
LONG TIME.

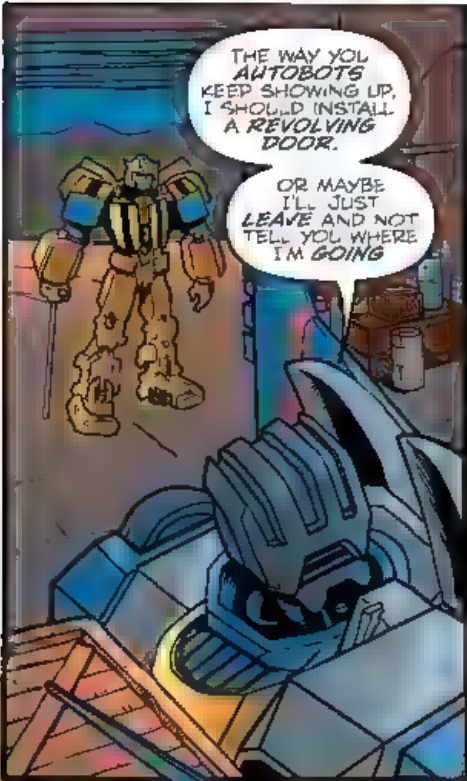
NOT THAT HE REALLY
LIKED US MUCH, EITHER.
TO BE HONEST, BUT HE
AND I, WE HAVE A **PAST**.

SO IT WAS A
SLIM CHANCE...



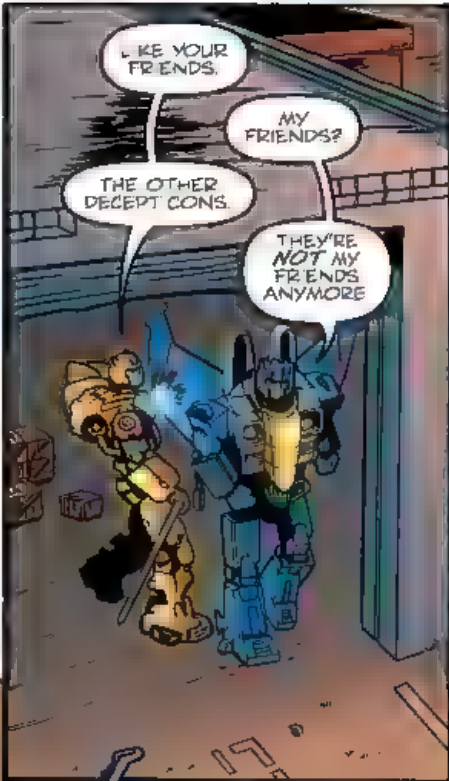
BUT I WAS
A CHANCE

THUNDERCRACKER



THE WAY YOU
AUTOBOTS
KEEP SHOWING UP,
I SHOULD INSTALL
A REVOLVING
DOOR.

OR MAYBE
I'LL JUST
LEAVE AND NOT
TELL YOU WHERE
I'M GOING

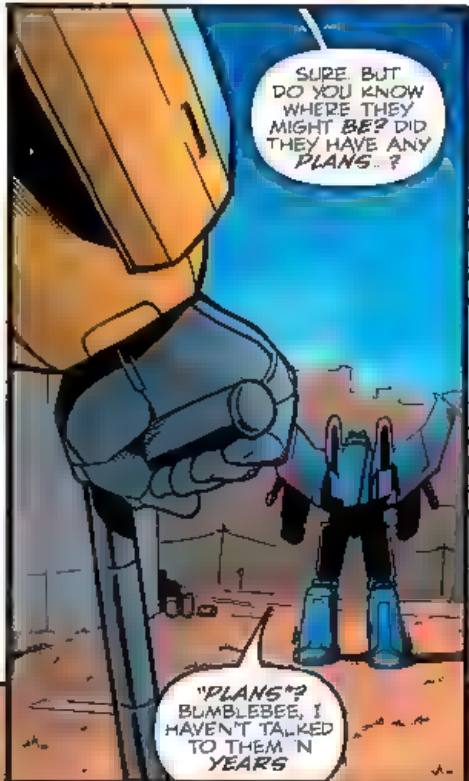


LIKE YOUR
FRIENDS.

MY
FRIENDS?

THE OTHER
DECEPT CONS.

THEY'RE
NOT MY
FRIENDS
ANYMORE



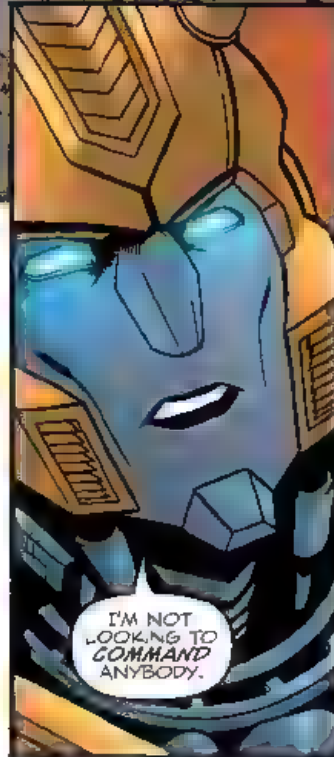
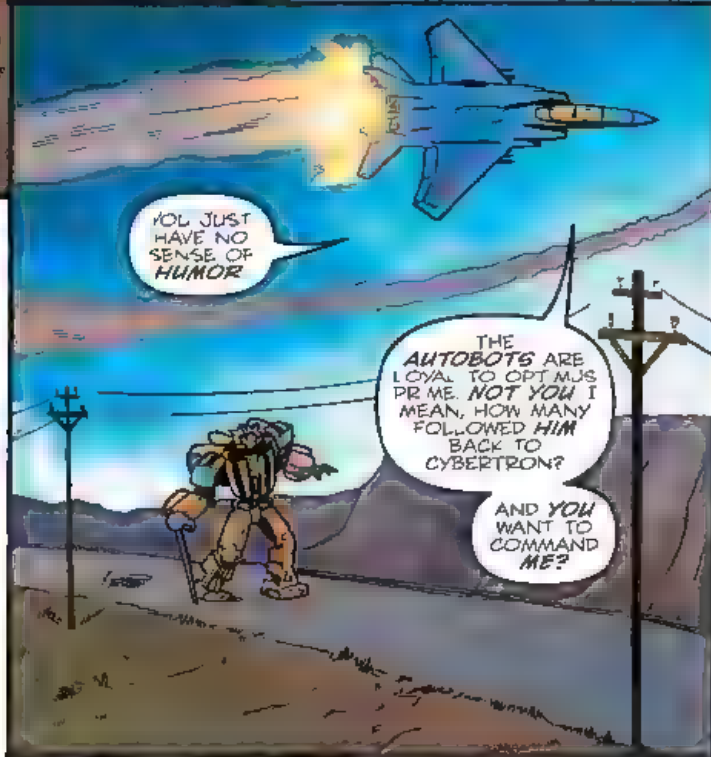
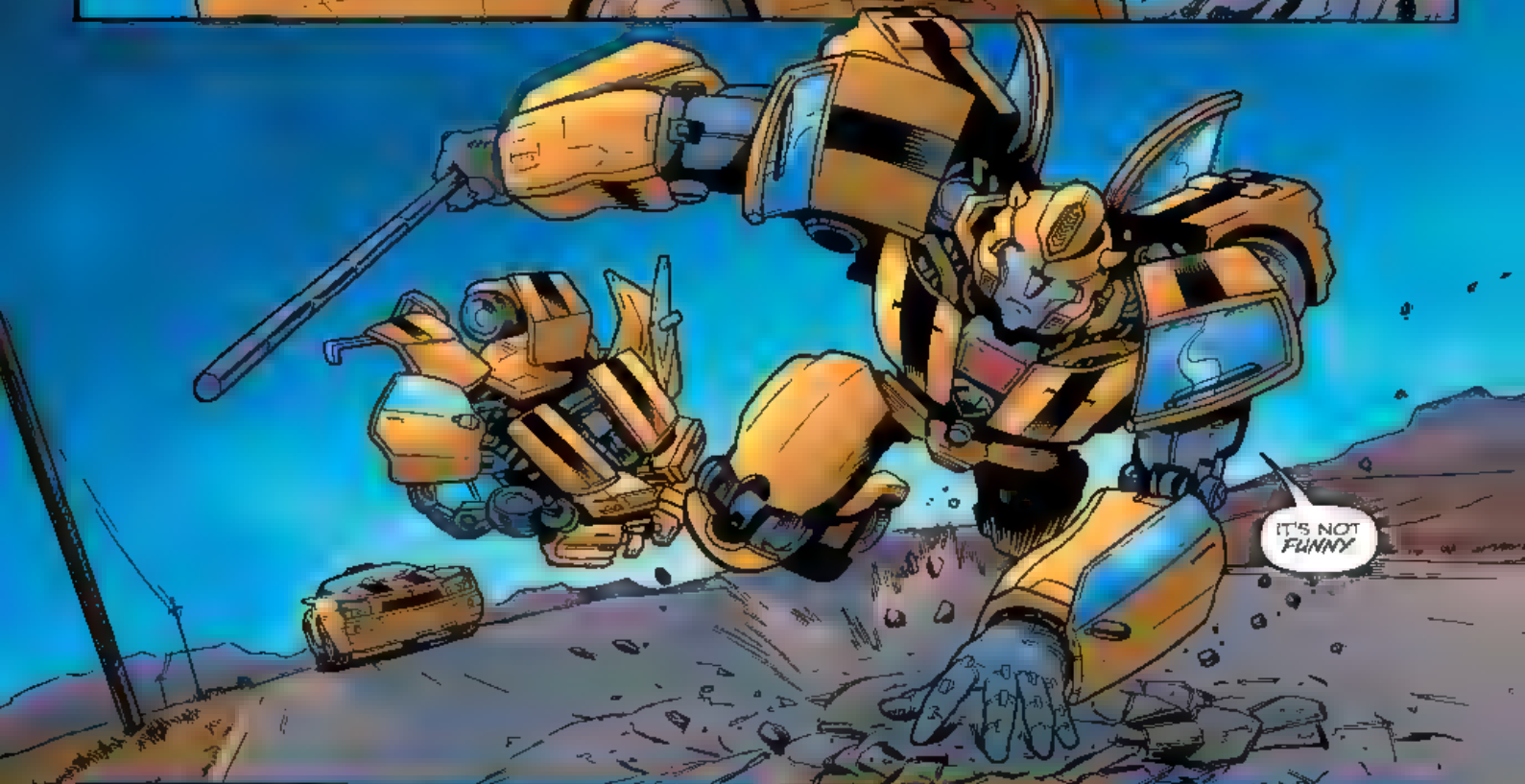
SURE, BUT
DO YOU KNOW
WHERE THEY
MIGHT BE? DID
THEY HAVE ANY
PLANS?

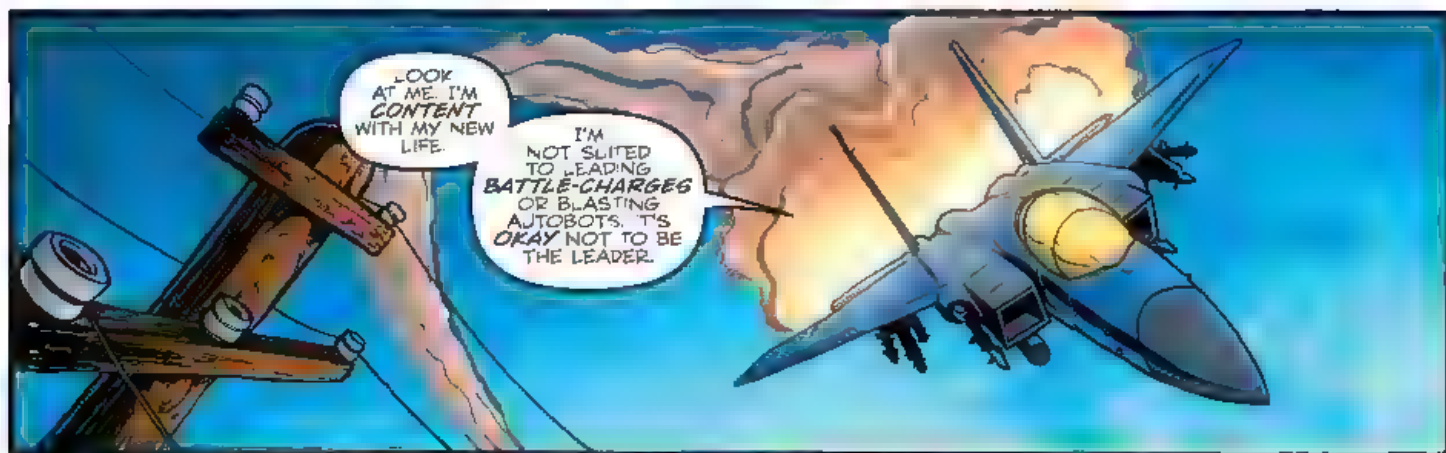
"PLANS"?
BUMBLEBEE, I
HAVEN'T TALKED
TO THEM IN
YEARS



I JUST WANT
TO LIVE MY LIFE
ALONE ON THIS
MEAT-AND-VEGETABLE-
INFESTED ROCK
OF A PLANET

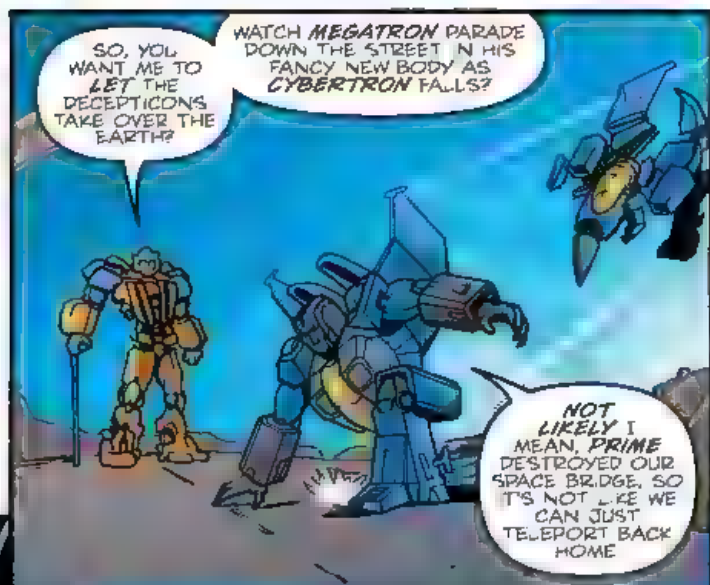
I DON'T
WANT TO
TALK





LOOK AT ME. I'M CONTENT WITH MY NEW LIFE.

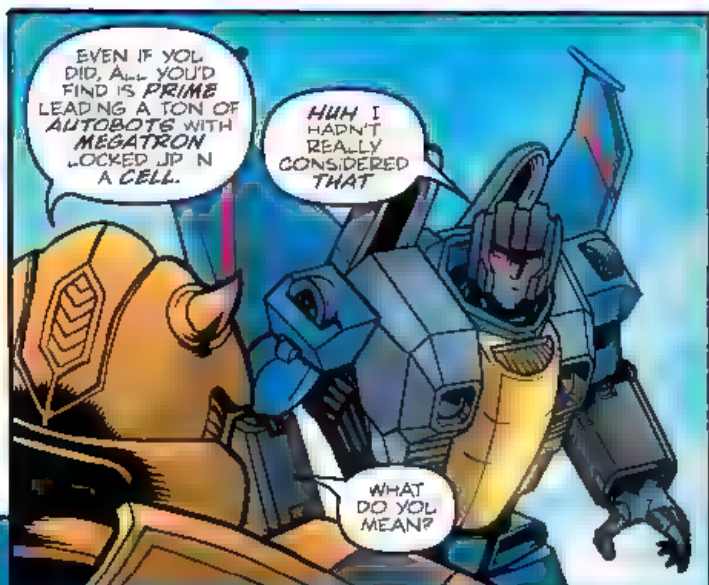
I'M NOT SUITED TO LEADING BATTLE-CHARGES OR BLASTING AUTOBOTS. IT'S OKAY NOT TO BE THE LEADER.



SO, YOU WANT ME TO LET THE DECEPTICONS TAKE OVER THE EARTH?

WATCH MEGATRON PARADE DOWN THE STREET IN HIS FANCY NEW BODY AS CYBERTRON FALLS?

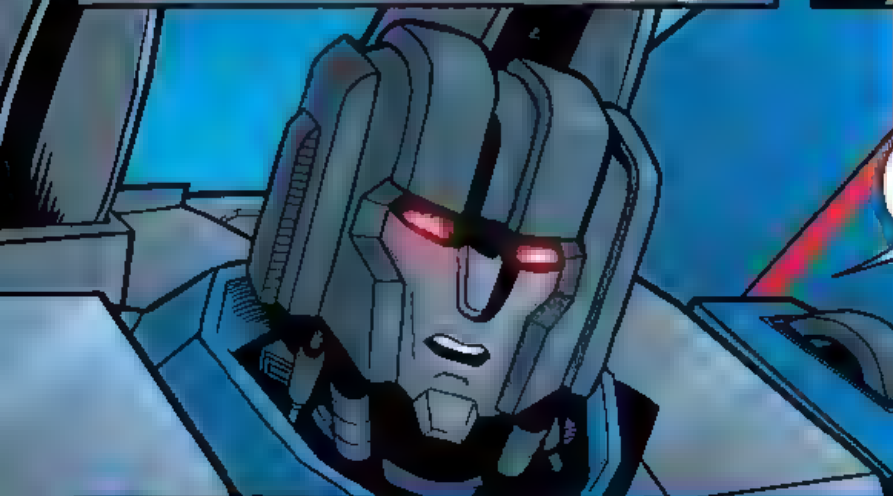
NOT LIKELY I MEAN, PRIME DESTROYED OUR SPACE BRIDGE, SO IT'S NOT LIKE WE CAN JUST TELEPORT BACK HOME



EVEN IF YOU DID, ALL YOU'D FIND IS PRIME LEADING A TON OF AUTOBOTS WITH MEGATRON LOCKED UP IN A CELL.

HUH I HADN'T REALLY CONSIDERED THAT

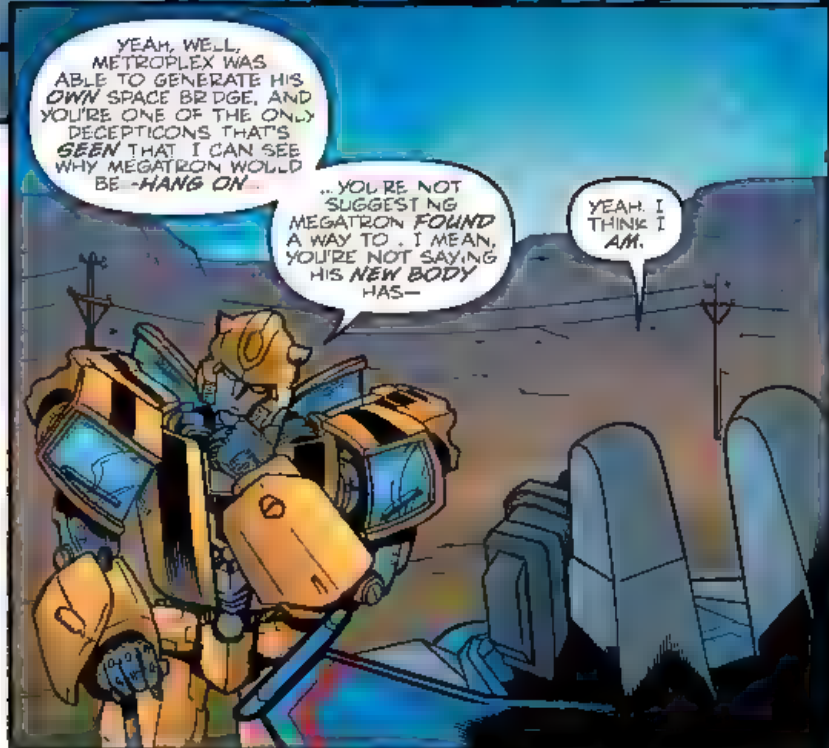
WHAT DO YOU MEAN?



WELL, BUILDING THE SPACE BRIDGE TOOK SOME DOING, RIGHT?

WE WERE RESTORING A TECHNOLOGY THAT, FOR A VERY LONG TIME WE ALL THOUGHT WAS LOST.

BUT MEGATRON KEPT PRESSING ME ABOUT METROPLEX OF THE TIME YOU AND I ENCOUNTERED H.M..



YEAH, WELL, METROPLEX WAS ABLE TO GENERATE HIS OWN SPACE BRIDGE, AND YOU'RE ONE OF THE ONLY DECEPTICONS THAT'S SEEN THAT. I CAN SEE WHY MEGATRON WOULD BE -HANG ON-

...YOU'RE NOT SUGGESTING MEGATRON FOUND A WAY TO... I MEAN, YOU'RE NOT SAYING HIS NEW BODY HAS-

YEAH. I THINK I AM.



LOOK... I KNOW I STILL HAVE RECORDS OF THE RADIATION SIGNATURE OF METROPLEX'S SPACE BRIDGE SOMEWHERE IN MY OLD FILES.

BUT THAT'S ALL I HAVE FOR YOU. THIS SN'T MY FIGHT

MAYBE NOT



"BUT IT SURE
S MINE

STILL—I PROBABLY
SHOULDN'T BE HERE
ALONE, TRYING TO AVOID
GETTING **BLASTED** TO
SMITHEREENS

I DIDN'T WANT TO
GO OUT BY MYSELF—
BUT WHEN I CALLED
HEADQUARTERS,
STREETWISE AND
PROWL WERE OUT
AGAIN. **GROOVE** WAS
OFF ON A MISSION
FOR **PROWL**. HECK,
EVERYBODY WAS
WORKING HIS
OPERATION

THAT LEFT **ME**. A
LEADER WITH NO ONE
TO **COMMAND** AND,
FRANKLY, NOT MUCH
IDEA HOW TO **COMMAND**
ANYBODY, ANYWAY

GETTING SHOT AT—**THAT**
I'M AN EXPERT ON.

ANYWAY, I SHOULD
PROBABLY GET USED
TO BEING ALONE...

LIKE I SAID, WE'D
DONE A GOOD JOB AT
WEARING OUT OUR
WELCOME ON EARTH.

WE'D **HID**, **DECEIVED**,
AND JUST BASICALLY
DONE EVERYTHING IN
OUR POWER TO MAKE
HUMANS **SUSPICIOUS**
OF US, AND I WAS AS
GUILTY AS **ANYBODY**...



...BUT ALONG THE WAY, I'D MADE A FRIEND OR TWO

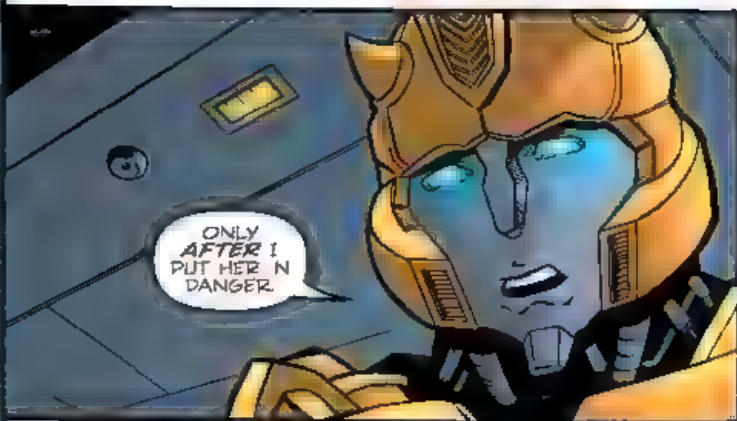
I HAVE TO ADMIT...



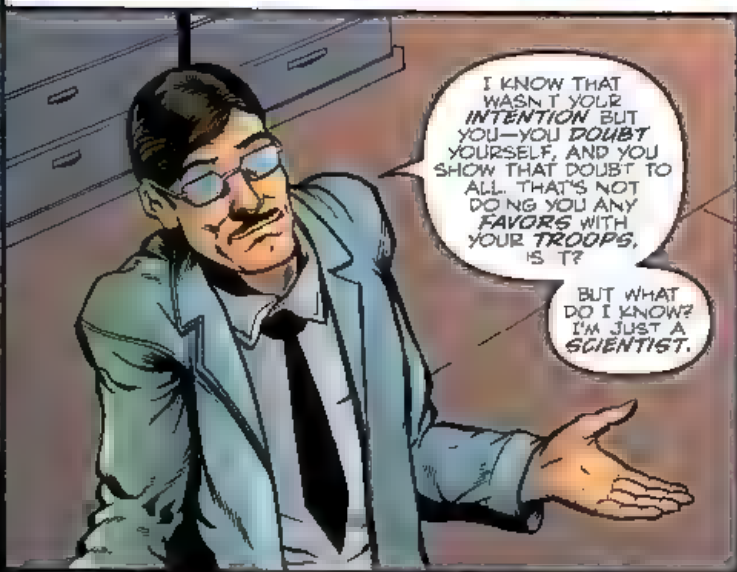
I DIDN'T EXPECT TO SEE YOU AGAIN.

YEAH, I WASN'T REALLY SURE HOW YOU'D REACT TO SEEING ME, DR. BHARMANEY.

YOU SAVED MY DAUGHTER'S LIFE.



ONLY AFTER I PUT HER IN DANGER.



I KNOW THAT WASN'T YOUR INTENTION BUT YOU—YOU DOUBT YOURSELF, AND YOU SHOW THAT DOUBT TO ALL. THAT'S NOT DOING YOU ANY FAVORS WITH YOUR TROOPS, IS IT?

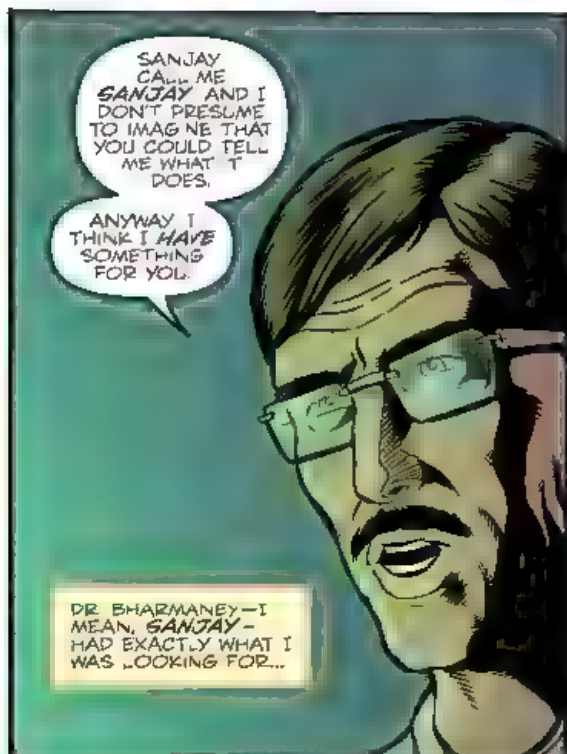
BUT WHAT DO I KNOW? I'M JUST A SCIENTIST.



ANYWAY, HERE'S SOMETHING I CAN ACCESS SPECTROGRAPHS AT ALL OUR FACILITIES, AND THE RADIATION SIGNATURE YOU GAVE ME—

—IT'S VERY UNIQUE. NOT LIKE ANYTHING ON EARTH.

IT'S UNIQUE ON CYBERTRON, AS WELL, DR. BHARMANEY.



SANJAY CALL ME SANJAY AND I DON'T PRESUME TO IMAGINE THAT YOU COULD TELL ME WHAT IT DOES.

ANYWAY I THINK I HAVE SOMETHING FOR YOU.

DR. BHARMANEY—I MEAN, SANJAY—HAD EXACTLY WHAT I WAS LOOKING FOR...



A LOCATION.

AN ANCIENT NATIVE AMERICAN STRUCTURE, THAT MUST'VE PROVIDED THE RIGHT SUB-AETHERIAL ACOUSTICS FOR THE SPACE BRIDGE. THE FASTEST, MOST EFFICIENT METHOD OF TRANSPORTATION POSSIBLE.

OTHER KINDS OF SPACE TRAVEL REQUIRE DAYS—SOMETIMES MONTHS TO TRAVEL BETWEEN STARS.

WITH A SPACE BRIDGE, THE JOURNEY IS INSTANTANEOUS.

AND THE TITANS -LIKE METROPLEX, THE FIRST AND GREATEST OF THEM ALL—HAVE THEIR OWN SPACE BRIDGES.

LEGEND TELLS US THE TITANS USED THEIR BRIDGES TO CARRY PRIMUS AND THE GUIDING HAND ACROSS THE UNIVERSE.

PERSONALLY, I DON'T BELIEVE IN OLD SUPERSTITIONS, BUT...

I KNOW FOR A FACT THAT TECHNOLOGY IS REAL, AND I CAN'T RISK THE POSSIBILITY THAT MEGATRON HAS GOTTEN A HOLD OF IT.

IF HE LET HIMSELF BE TAKEN PRISONER—KNOWING HE'S GOT AN ARMY READY TO RIDE HIS SPACE BRIDGE BACK TO OUR HOMELAND—

—WELL, I THOUGHT
OPTIMUS PRIME
AND THE OTHERS
NEEDED MY HELP

BUMBLEBEE TO
HEADQUARTERS—
CAN YOU READ
ME?

PROWL?

ANYBODY?

BUT THAT WOULD
BE WAY TOO EASY

THERE WAS MY
DECEPTICON ARMY—

—AND THEY HAD THE
WHOLE SPECTRUM
JAMMED. I GUESS I WAS
LUCKY THE SPACE
BRIDGE RADIATION IS SO
RARE THEY DIDN'T HAVE
ANYTHING TO BLOCK IT

I HAD A CHOICE TO
MAKE. I COULD GO IN
AND GET BLASTED.

...OR GET OUT OF THERE, GET
PROWL AND THE OTHERS,
AND TAKE THE DECEPTICON
ARMY DOWN. BUT WHO KNEW
HOW MUCH TIME I HAD?

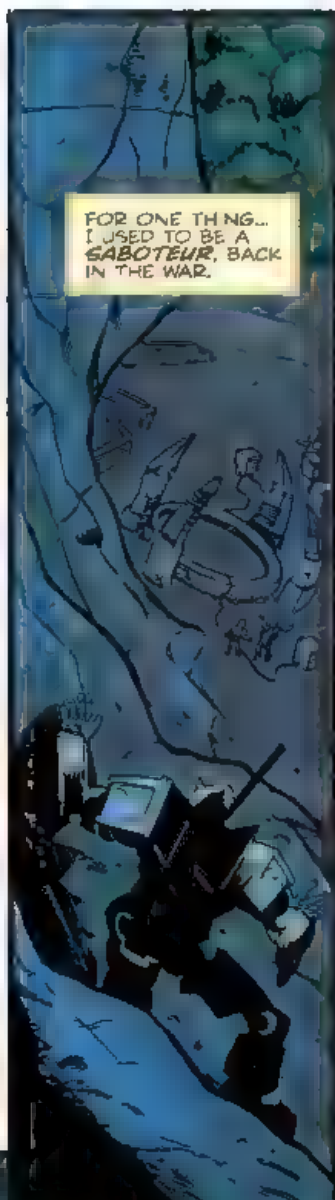
WHAT WOULD
PRIME DO?



BUT THAT DOESN'T
MATTER, DOES IT?

I'M *NOT* OPTIMUS
PRIME, AND I
NEVER *WILL* BE.

WHAT MAKES
ME SPECIAL?




FOR ONE THING...
I USED TO BE A
SABOTEUR, BACK
IN THE WAR.



SO I FIGURED I
COULD *SNEAK IN*...



...AND *DISABLE*
THE BRIDGE
BEFORE IT
ACTIVATED.



OF COURSE, *LIFE*
HAS A FUNNY WAY OF
MESSING WITH YOUR
BEST DECISIONS.

MAYBE I
SHOULD'VE
KEPT ASKING
WHAT *PRIME*
WOULD DO.

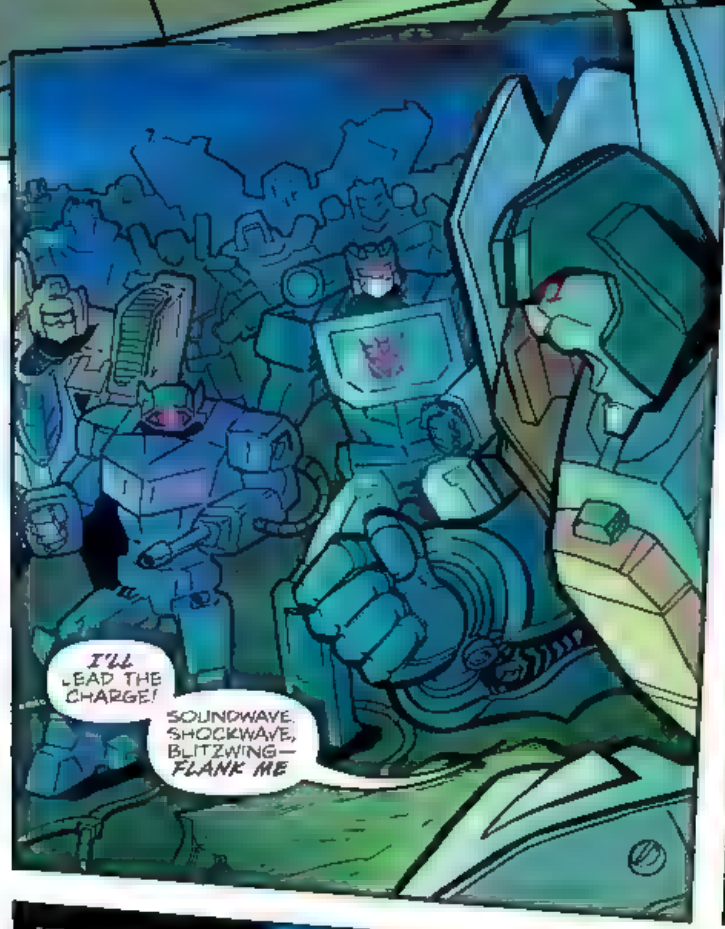


AN
AUTOBOT!

IT'S
BUMBLEBEE!

GET
HIM!

NO -
EVERYONE
INTO THE
BRIDGE!



I'LL
LEAD THE
CHARGE!

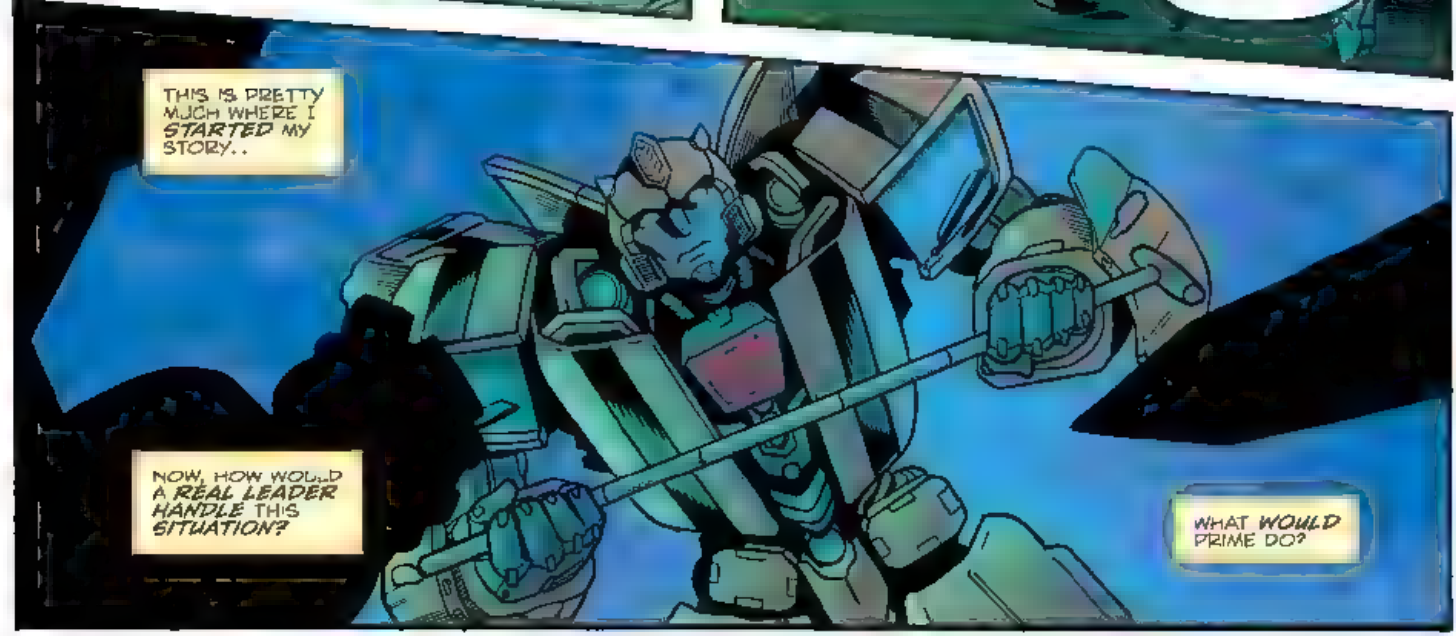
SOUNDWAVE,
SHOCKWAVE,
BLITZWING—
FLANK ME



STUNTICONG
KILL THE LITTLE
YELLOW RUNT
AND FOLLOW
US IN

YOU
GOT IT

I OWE THE
AUTOBOTS A
LITTLE SOMETH'N',
ANYWAY.
STARScream!



THIS IS PRETTY
MUCH WHERE I
STARTED MY
STORY..

NOW, HOW WOULD
A REAL LEADER
HANDLE THIS
SITUATION?

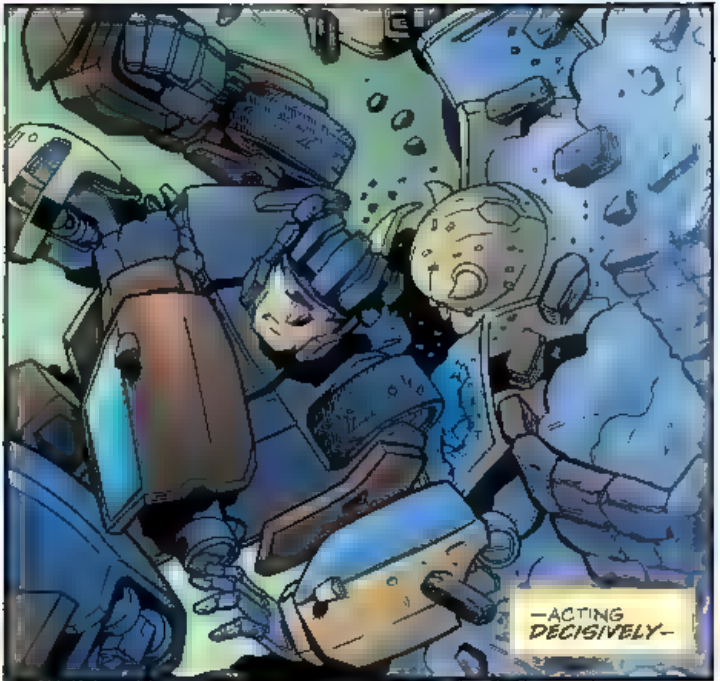
WHAT WOULD
PRIME DO?



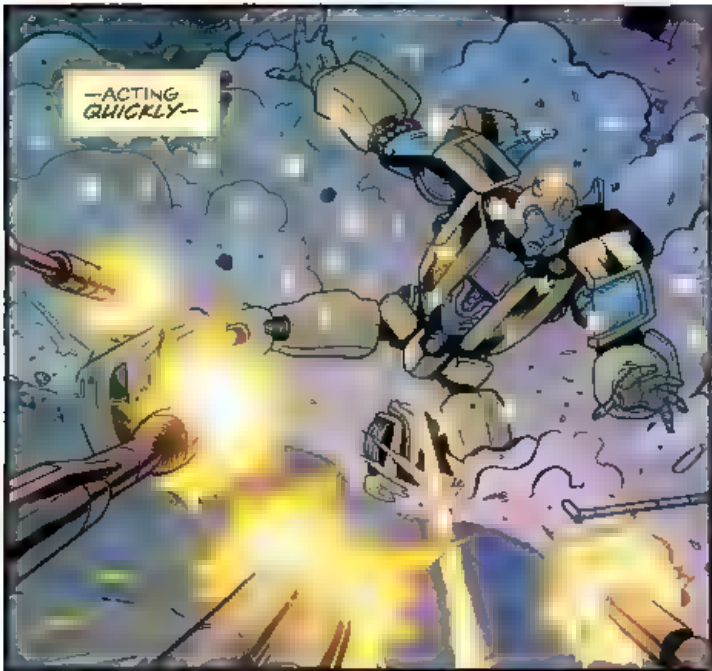
HE PROBABLY WOULDN'T
GET *PUNCHED* IN THE
FACE RIGHT OFF THE BAT



BUT *THAT'S* NOT
WHAT'S MPORTANT
WHAT'S MPORTANT
IS ACTING LIKE A
LEADER—



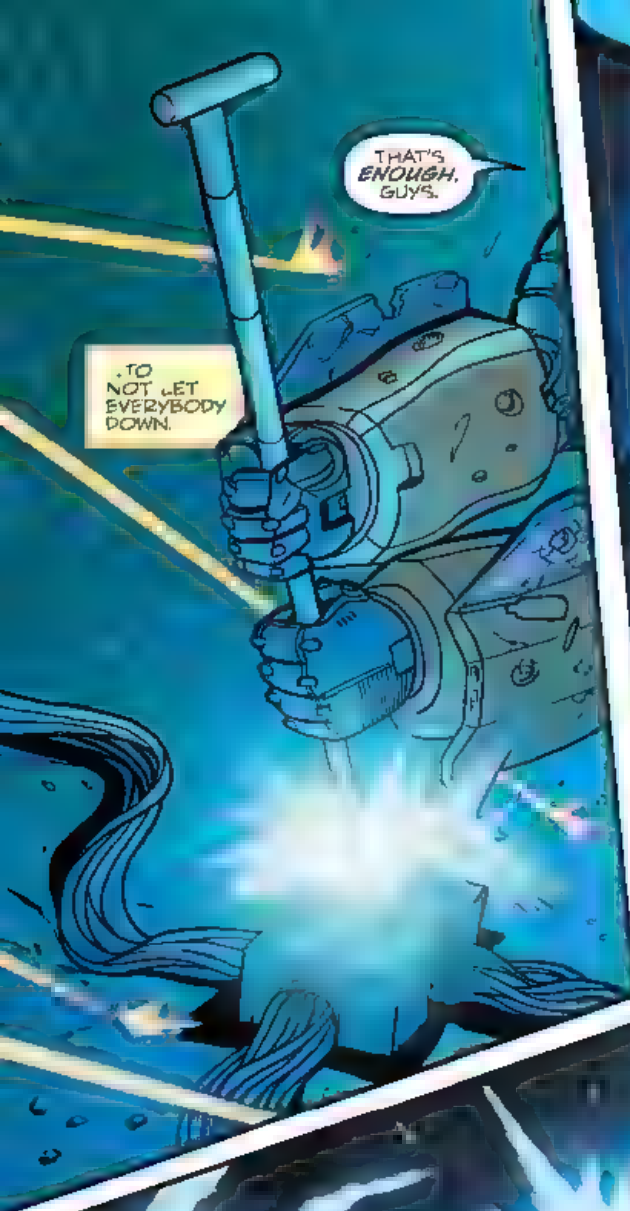
—ACTING
DECISIVELY—



—ACTING
QUICKLY—



—US NG EVERYTHING
AT YOUR DISPOSAL
TO DO WHAT YOL
NEED TO DO..



THAT'S
ENOUGH,
GUYS.

TO
NOT LET
EVERYBODY
DOWN.



WAIT!

DON'T
INTERRUPT
THE
POWER
FLOW!

YOU DON'T
KNOW WHAT
YOU'RE
DOING!



SURE,
I DO—



—I JUST
KNOW I
CAN TAKE
IT.



HUH



I
WORKED.

I GOTTA GET
WHEELJACK TO
MAKE ME ONE
OF THESE...

UNFORTUNATELY ALL I DID WAS
SUCCEED IN STOPPING FIVE
STUNTIONS FROM JOINING THE
REST OF THE **DECEPTICONS**

FIVE OUT OF
HUNDREDS.

YOU TOOK
DOWN ALL FIVE OF
THE STUNTICONS
ON YOUR OWN?

MAYBE YOU
DIDN'T HEAR ME,
PROWL. THAT MEANS
THE REST OF THE
DECEPTICONS
ESCAPED.

BUT FIVE
STUNTICONS.
SOLO?

BUMBLEBEE,
WHAT PROWL IS
SAYING IS, JH,
"WOW."

I DIDN'T
KNOW YOU
HAD IT IN
YOU.

NO
OFFENSE

RIGHT

RIGHT...

LOOK, HERE'S
WHERE WE ARE.
PRIME'S GOT THE
ENTIRE DECEPTICON
ARMY BEARING
DOWN ON H.M., AND
UNFORTUNATELY,
WE'VE GOT NO WAY
TO REACH H.M.
IN TIME.

SO WE PLACE
OUR FATH IN
HIS LEADERSHIP
AND WE CLEAR
OUT THIS
MISS ON ON
EARTH.

STREETWISE,
GROOVE—YOU'RE
ON THIS YOU TWO
ANSWER DIRECTLY
TO ME NOW



TRANSFORMERS SOLO ADVENTURES CONTINUE!

THE TRANSFORMERS

SPOTLIGHT

SPOTLIGHT: TRAILCUTTER

Trailcutter has a problem: the *Lost Light* has been taken over by the Decepticons—and no one else seems to have noticed! Can the Autobots' defense strategist singlehandedly see off an army of infiltrators? And even if he does, will it convince his crew mates that he's got more to offer than kind words and forcefields?

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THE WAR IS OVER. NOW THE HARD PART BEGINS.

THE TRANSFORMERS

ROBOTS IN DISGUISE

#15

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THE END OF THE WORLD!

When Cybertron collapses—who will pick up the pieces? Megatron stands poised to triumph—locked in final battle with Bumblebee, Starscream, and Metalhawk... with the all-new Devastator destroying the city! One will stand... the rest will fall.

THE WAR IS OVER. NOW THINGS GET MESSY.

THE TRANSFORMERS

FORMERS

MORE THAN MEETS THE EYE

#15

DEATH IN THE RANKS!

Rodimus and his crew are confronted by the enemy within—and not everyone will survive the encounter. Everything has been building to this: all-out war aboard the *Lost Light*!

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